

**HOW MRS. LADD SAVED THE MASONIC JEWELS**

My mother, Mrs. Catherine Ladd, whose name may be recalled by hundreds of her old pupils throughout the South as one of the most noted and successful teachers of her day, gave up her loved vocation in the beginning of the struggle between the States and devoted herself wholly to the cause of the Confederacy. She had lived in Winstonsboro for twenty years where she had established a large and prominent institution of learning. Her literary talent was recognized as that among the best. Of her poems one noted said: "They are sweet, smooth and flowing, particularly so, but, like Scotch music, their gayest notes are sad." In her childhood days she had been at one time, a playmate of Edgar Allen Poe. Perhaps she caught some inspiration for her poems from these early associations.

She was also greatly gifted as a play writer, and her papers on education, home manufactures and the encouragement of white labor showed that she realized long before the war that the prosperity of the South would depend ultimately upon the latter.

When the dark war cloud arose in its fury in 1861 this grand woman closed her school, laid aside her pen and took up her needle, and hung her doors ajar for the soldiers to enter. She was president of the Soldiers' Aid Association all during the war and by her untiring exertions kept it well supplied with clothes.

Once when a gentleman friend said to her: "The first time I ever saw you, you were under my father's kitchen looking for old iron vessels to send off to make shells to kill Yankees with," the old lady seemed to warm up to the old war spirit, and replied: "Oh, yes; and I also sent my full set of German tableware to be melted into bullets and my fine telescope to the officers. It was one with which you could see thirty miles."

She was one of the originators of the Confederate flag.

Those were busy days and nights for her, but her energy never grew weary, and she never was too tired to lend her personal supervision to any benevolent work.

At the last, when we lived in dire dread of the Yankees "coming through," she still showed her noble patriotism. Although but a mere girl at the time, I can distinctly recall those dark, miserable days when we listened anxiously for the unwelcome intruders—low, with almost hated breath, we watched each night the glowing fires of our beautiful Columbia and numbers of country homes around us.

The troubles and anxieties of those gloomy times had cast their dark shadow over us, and we lived in hourly expectation of our ultimate ruin.

Oh! Was it not enough that our fathers, brothers and all near and dear to us should be slain on the sacrificial altar? No, this could not satiate the unrelenting fury of the terrible war fiend.

The torch of the barbarians from the North, as we viewed Sherman and his brand-bearing followers, must come with their destructive work, leaving in their tracks only standing chimneys, grim sentinels over blackened ruins where once were the comfortable homes and happy firesides of a brave generous people—monuments to Sherman's relentless pursuit of war, in which a Nero might have glorified, from which a Washington or a Lee would have shrunk in horror. Rumors were afloat that they had orders not to burn our town, and as they swooped down upon us like wild Indians, we had this for a hope—a hope alas! too soon to fade into an echoless past.

My mother's house was ordered to be guarded. My father had painted a large, handsome Masonic chart, which stood on an easel in the parlor.

When the crack and snap of the fire was first heard and we could see the red flames leaping upward and house after house succumb, suddenly we noticed a Federal officer ride up to our gate, quickly dismounting, dash into the house, and, securing this chart, hurriedly give orders to some of his men to dig a hole in the garden, place between mattresses and bury it.

Recognizing in this man a member of the Masonic "aternity," mother asked him to follow her, and together they rushed into the already blazing Masonic hall and saved the Masonic jewels. She anxiously and frantically sought the charter, but was prevented from securing it by the smoke and flames, knowing as she did that leaving her own home for only these few moments meant the loss of all her own property including the literary works of thirty years. We can but say it was only one instance of her entire unselfishness.

The flames roared and crackled and spread with desperate rapidity, devouring everything within reach. Only too vividly can I now recall those terrible scenes. I can still see the glowing blaze which seemed to reach the lurid heavens, hear the cries of terror-stricken women, shrieking children, groans of slaves, all com-

mingled with the taunts and curses of a relentless enemy, who, filled with liquors, acted more like demons than human beings. Swiftly as her feet could carry her my brave little mother put the box containing the jewels in a place of safety and returned to her own house, which was by this time burning. The officer ordered his men to carry out our piano, which they did with the loss of one of its legs. Strange to say, the only thing saved of Mrs. Ligon's piano was one leg, and it was a counterpart of mother's. I have in my house the old melodian which did service in the Episcopal Church for many years. While this sacred edifice was burning some of the heartless vandals carried it out into an open space, and as one of their lawless band defiled its virgin keys by playing some uncouth tune, the others leaped and danced like heathen savages—danced while our women cried for hopeless mercy.

In 1891 mother was stricken totally blind, but even thereafter she could not fold her hands in idleness. Her pen has even since brought forth many sweet poems.

The following is one among her last, written in 1898:

Though our way be dark and dreary,  
Though life's trials press us sore,  
Thou hast mansions for us ready,  
Homes where troubles come no more,  
O, my Saviour, guide me, watch me,  
Lead me by Thy loving hand;  
Let me feel that Thou art near me,  
Until I reach the Promised Land.

When the shades of eve are closing,  
And the hour of death draws near,  
Let me feel Thy arms around me,  
I will cross without a fear.

By faith I'll see my home of rest  
In that glorious land afar;  
I will hear the angels singing,  
"Come! the gates of Heaven ajar!"  
MRS. K. L. CURETON,  
Pickens, S. C.

**DEPARTURE OF OUR VOLUNTEERS**

*Winstonsboro Register, April—1861.*

Thursday, being the day assigned for the 6th Regiment of Volunteers for Charleston, at the appointed hour the Fairfield Fencibles and Boyce Guards were formed under their respective commands and escorted to the passenger depot by the Fairfield Rifle Guards, there to take the special train, which was to bear them to Columbia. It arrived there in due time, bearing the Chester Companies and the Little River Guards. The scene attendant upon the departure of our Volunteers for the seat of war was truly sad and affecting. Never before has Winstonsboro witnessed so many fair mourners. Mothers, wives and sisters followed their loved ones to the place of departure to bid them a sad farewell, and cast a fond and lingering look upon them as they left, and though they shed many a reluctant and sorrowful tear, still, like the Roman matrons of old, breathing encouragement upon their victorious career and safe return, they nobly bade them "go and return only with their swords or upon them."

The parting of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, prepared to meet no more, cast a gloom upon every face, filled every bosom with anguish and moistened every eye, and has left a veil of gloom hanging over our town. Notwithstanding the demonstration of regret with which the brave volunteers parted from all that was dear to them upon earth, still their conduct was marked by firmness and courage and a consciousness of the justice of the glorious cause in which they were embarking, and a determination to do or die in defence thereof, which gave confidence and consolation to the fond ones left behind, and told unmistakably that Carolinians could never be conquered.

The sad parting concluded, the whistle blew and all being aboard, the cars moved off amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and enthusiastic cheers. Five Companies left Fairfield on Thursday, to-wit: The Buck Head Guards, the Little River Guards, the Fairfield Fencibles, the Boyce Guards and the Cedar Creek Rifles, which, together with the Monticello Guards, which have been on duty for some time in Charleston, makes six companies Fairfield has furnished for achieving Southern independence, and she will furnish yet more, if need be.

The order of our boys, even in the glorious cause of freedom, is as remarkable as it is gratifying to our State pride. We know there are many quite young, who have gone into the ranks of the Volunteers, but we noted most particularly from Winstonsboro Master George D. Ladd, only 15 years of age, as a member of the Boyce Guards. Such facts as these must awaken Lincoln and his Cabinet to the impossibility which he has undertaken. On Thursday, about eight hundred volunteers passed over the Charlotte and S. C. R. R., and over two thousand over the Charleston road on their way to Charleston.

We learned that the Volunteers all arrived safely to their destination. A private dispatch received from Col. Rion on yesterday evening says

that his Regiment will be quartered in the city for some time.

**Governor Means Would Not Oppose Col. Rion for Colonelcy.**

The card below, published in the Winstonsboro Register date not given, is both a tribute to Governor Means, who wrote it and also to Col. Rion, in whose favor the declination was made.

(A Card.)

To the Chester and Fairfield Volunteers:  
Having heard through one or two sources that I had been put in nomination for the Colonelcy of the Regiment of Volunteers, by some of my friends in Chester, I take this public mode of saying that (though I duly appreciate their kindness in doing so) I will not under any circumstances permit my name to be used as a candidate, nor would I accept it if elected. This course I adopt, not from the want of a full appreciation of the kindness of my friends, nor of the honor of the position—nor from any unwillingness to serve my country in any capacity in which I could be useful, but simply because I feel that in my day I enjoyed a full share of the honors of the Brigade, and do not think that it would be fair to enter into a contest for them with another generation. I would make any sacrifice for the Regiment that I thought would promote its good; but I feel that there are others younger and more active who could render it a more efficient service.

When I left home some ten days ago to take the place on the Board of Ordinance, to which I had been called, I thought that it was a settled thing that Captain Rion was to be elected Colonel. He had been nominated in both the Chester and Fairfield papers for weeks, and no opposition had been made to the nomination. To this I gave my full assent, while feeling no ordinary interest in who should command the Regiment composed, not only of the sons of my old and well-tried friends, but of my own kindred and blood, amongst whom was my only son. I felt willing to commit them to Col. Rion's care, because I knew him to be intelligent, active, brave, and with all, an accomplished officer. Under these circumstances, feeling that neither the State nor the Regiment would lose anything by it, I feel less hesitation in adopting the course I have.

In conclusion I beg leave to tender my warmest thanks to that portion of the Regiment who were so kind as to think me worthy of its command.  
J. H. MEANS.

**Chesters' Generosity Appreciated.**

The card below, published in the Winstonsboro Register, date not given, though late in 60 or early in 61, gives the very happy relation that existed between Chester and Fairfield County in the selection of officers for the sixth regiment.

(A Card.)

To the Chester and Fairfield Volunteers:

Having been nominated in the District papers for the office of Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth Regiment of Volunteers, I take this method of informing those who nominated me, and those who have solicited me to run, that I shall not be a candidate.

While I am thankful to my friends for their desire of my promotion, yet a sense of justice compels me to do nothing that will interfere with Chester having the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Regiment. Chester has generously yielded us our choice for Colonel, in making no opposition to Col. Rion, and it is simple justice that Chester should fill the office of Lieutenant Colonel. Harmony, likewise, demands it.

I may add, too, that it would require very strong inducements to make me sever my connection with the company, which I have the honor to command, and from whom I could only part with the deepest regret.

Respectfully,  
J. N. SHEDD,  
Captain Boyce Guard

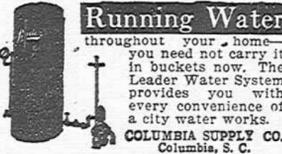
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**A Regular Tom Boy.**

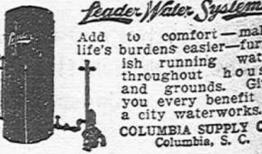
was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whittling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve and cured her quick. Heals everything heisable—Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Old Sores, Corns or Piles. Try it. 25c at John H. McMaster & Co.



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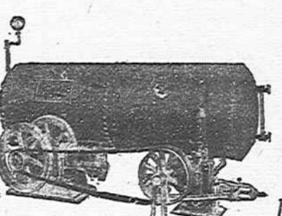


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Cocks, Gauge	Gaskets, Boiler	Pipe	Vises, Blacksmith
Cups, Oil, all kinds	Gauge Glasses	Pulleys, Wood	Vises, Machine
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